

H. J. C. PRESIDENT TALKS TO TICKET TEAM MEMBERS

In a talk Wednesday night, Dr. E. E. Oberholzer president of the Houston Junior College outlined some of the things that make up salesmanship to Junior College students who are selling tickets to the Elks' charity ball.

"The first fundamental is to have faith in what you are trying to sell," Dr. Oberholzer stated. "The kind of person who sells me, is the person who is sincere and enthusiastic."

Dr. Oberholzer said to make the person feel as if you were doing him a favor. And above all don't let anyone feel neglected.

"The fellow who believes he has something worthwhile and goes out and tries to let the other person know that he is doing him a favor is the real salesman," Dr. Oberholzer stated.

Dr. Oberholzer told of the many times that he was chased from a house during the time when everyone was selling liberty bonds and thrift stamps. But he always went back.

Then turning directly to the drive for ticket sales to the light opera, "The Maid of Manalaya," Dr. Oberholzer continued:

"If we could make a big success of the thing (ticket drive) the Elks might let us in on their annual charity drive every year and make it an annual affair for the Junior College. In that way we could finance our own Students' Loan Fund."

Dr. Oberholzer expressed surprise hearing that the Junior College students had sold only 109 tickets up till November 2.

"I fully expected you to sell 1000 tickets," he said.

Dr. Oberholzer concluded his talk by saying: "Don't plead for charity or anything like that. Show the person to whom you are trying to sell the ticket, that he is buying something worthwhile."

Third Cougar Directory Will Sell at New Low Price Level of 15 Cents

Monday the Cougar directory, with names, addresses, and telephone numbers of 490 students, went on sale at the astonishingly low price of 15 cents. This is the lowest price for which the directories have ever been sold.

The enterprising student may phone that irksome instructor and upbraid him; from the address may compute the mileage involved in a prospective "date"; and may get a class assignment, as well as enjoyable conversation, merely with the little trouble of turning a few pages. Cougar directories are terrible books to have, maybe.

The present 1932-1933 issue of the directory is the third issue sponsored by the Cougar Collegians, Houston Junior College's leading girl organization. The tedious work of checking and rechecking, requiring hours of time, is cheerfully undertaken each year by the Collegians. That organization and its sponsor, Mrs. Bender, deserve high praise.

Fifteen cents is more than 50 per cent less than the books cost last year. A lower price could not be placed upon such a valuable article. Of course every copy is to be sold. Perhaps scalpers will buy up the existing small stock and raise the price. A word to the wise?

NOTICE

A meeting of the Houston Junior College ice skaters for purpose of organizing an ice hockey team will be held Monday at 7:15 in the conservatory.

All students able to skate are urged to attend, as plans for the team and requirements for players will be discussed.

PEP CLUB OFFICIALS



Cougar Collegian officers who were recently elected to serve for the following year. They are, left to right: Nora Louise Calhoun, president; Dorothy Frew, vice-president; Florence Borofsky, secretary; and Frances Nesmith, treasurer. The insert is Nora Louise Calhoun.

—Courtesy Houston Post

MEN'S FACULTY CLUB EUROPEAN TRAVELS ELECTS OFFICERS OF H. J. C. TEACHERS TOLD AT MEETING

At a recent meeting of the Men's Faculty Club, the following members were elected as presiding officers for the ensuing term: W. A. Rees, President; S. A. Bishkin, Vice-President; and A. L. Kerbow, Secretary and Treasurer. S. W. Henderson was named chairman of the Executive Committee. S. W. Henderson was named chairman of the Executive Committee (Continued on Page 2)

The Women's Faculty Club held their last meeting at the home of Mrs. Bender, with Mrs. F. M. Black and Mrs. Shearer assisting the hostess.

The main purpose of the evening was a sort of informal gathering of all the members after the summer vacation. Miss Thomason and Miss Ebaugh gave very interesting discussions of the (Continued on Page 3)

Bender Dramatic Club Will Present Comedy Farce Called 'Hoodoo'

POLICE REPORTER TALKS TO CLASS ON JOURNALISM

Harry McCormick, police reporter of the Houston Press, delivered an interesting talk to the journalism class at the Junior College Monday.

In relating his own experience in newspaper work, McCormick stated that he regrets the fact that he had no journalistic training in school and that he has learned what he knows only through experience. He advised no one to choose newspaper work unless they had the necessary enthusiasm for it.

"The policy of a newspaper," McCormick said, "should be to print news as it is found, and not suppress any news from the public. It is not for the press to judge what the public should or should not know. The most important factor is the printing of 'correct news.'"

In street editions, local crime headlines are preferable because of the additional appeal. Local news is always most interesting, and it should dominate and be conspicuous.

"A newspaper should do everything in its power to expose corruption in public trustees, politics, etc. It should stand for the public, and the public should co-operate with the press," McCormick asserted.

The speaker explained that in covering local news, it is very important to get pictures whenever they are available, even though considerable trouble must sometimes be taken to get them. The more art, the better according to this speaker.

He explained that his job on the police run was interesting, and that considerable competition existed between the Press and Chronicle. He said that they were always on their toes.

Closing his talk, McCormick briefly told of some incidents concerning his covering the "Jones case," and the "Young brothers" killings, most of the details of which he obtained for the stories which appeared in the Press.

Sixteen Junior College students will comprise the cast of the "Hoodoo," a three-act comedy farce, by Walter Ben Hare, which will be produced by the John R. Bender Dramatic Club. The production will be staged in the Junior College Auditorium November 21.

The play, "The Hoodoo," is listed by its publishers as the third most successful production of the type suitable for amateur presentation. Rating is based on box office sales and copy sales. Mrs. Hooker, the coach of the cast, says that she has never known of the play being unpopular. "The Hoodoo" is packed with both humor and suspense. The characters become involved in some of the most compromising situations that when the author saves them from trouble so unexpectedly that the audience sighs with relief.

The stage and scenery will be re-finished for the presentation of the play. The decorating will be under the supervision of Bill Goggan and John McLelland. The walls of the set will be of a sand finish and the lighting system has been re-arranged. The border decoration has not been decided upon.

The dramatic club is standing the expense of this improvement. Last year the club paid for repairs of the curtain and some minor electrical repairs.

Leading the cast are, Harold Renfro, John McLelland, Christine Flannagan, Evelyn Cochran, and Frances Bates. Others of the cast are Alexander Gardener, Bob Stallings, Lou Johnson, Israel Robinowitz, Arielle Kirtz, Dorothy Golden, Minnie Topek, Naddell Mills, Bill Stanford, and Lillian Schwartz.

The cast was selected by Mrs. Hooker after the try-outs during the first part of last week. Mrs. Hooker is pleased with the material with which she has to work for this production. She found much more talent in the Dramatic Club than she had expected and could not use all of it in the cast of "The Hoodoo." This talent, she says, will be used in auditorium programs and in the large production of the Dramatic Club in the spring.

PARTS BY THE CAST

Imagine—
—Harold Renfro clever looking.—Practically impossible for Harold.
—John McLelland a devil with the (Continued on Page 2)

Library Club Holds First Meeting of Year; Officers Elected for Ensuing Term

Members of the H. J. C. Library Club met at the home of Mrs. Shearer recently for their first monthly meeting. Those present were Mrs. Hanna Shearer, Lewis Rueckert, Isabella Ventresca, Mrs. Ruby D. Brittain, Zeld Osborne, Bernice Blackshear, Mabel Smith, Ora Louise Morgan, and Kitty Hurlock.

An election was held with the following students elected as officers for the following year:

President, Lewis Rueckert; vice president, Mrs. Ruby D. Brittain; secretary, Mabel Smith; treasurer, Bernice Blackshear; chairman of program committee, Zeld Osborne; chairman of social committee, Isabella Ventresca; reporter, Kitty Hurlock.

The meeting was then continued with the following program: Bernice Blackshear reported on an article by James Norman Hall, "Too Many Books." Mrs. Brittain gave a talk on "Library in the Future." Zeld Osborne read two poems. Louis Rueckert gave a book review on Pearl Duck's novel, "Sons," a sequel to "Good Earth."

Refreshments followed the adjournment of the business meeting.

Why Advertise

BY C. W. SKIPPER

Do you feel run down? Do you lie awake at night? Are you thin and run down? If so, you must not read the advertisements.

Advertising has become the backbone of the newspapers and magazines, despite the fact that the advertisers pull some "fast" ones.

Some magazines picture a thin, underfed lad who permits his girl friend to be insulted by a stranger. She gives the hero of the story the air, and he goes home broken-hearted. He reads an advertisement which states that Robert Strongman will make a different man out of him within a week, etc.

The next picture shows him admiring his manly torso. He has gained about 70 pounds, gotten a movie hero's profile, and acquired muscles that would make a professional strong man turn green with envy.

The last picture shows him knocking down the mean bully before the admiring gaze of his old girl.

John Bookworm, head bookkeeper of the public library, reads the ad, and like most other readers, pictures himself in the shoes of the hero. He sends for the free trial offer, receives a still

more impressive set of booklets, and sends a week's salary for the equipment that will make a different man of him.

Six months later John has lost a badly needed 10 pounds, has been licked by a man half his size, has thrown away the muscle-making gadgets, and has written a letter of complaint to Robert Strongman that he did not have the nerve to mail. He is now in a sanitarium recuperating, yet the advertisers kept their word. He is now a different man.

Then take the sad case of Bill Nap. He had a good job as night watchman until he started reading advertising. Sleepum, famous coffee substitute, ran an ad showing a man peacefully sleeping. "Do you stay awake nights?" the ad read. "Then try Sleepum."

Now Bill works at night, and of course could not afford to do his sleeping then, but the ad was so attractive that he sent for a sample can of Sleepum. The night after he received his sample he was found sound asleep, and without a stitch of clothes on his body. Thieves had stolen his garments and robbed the store he was guarding.

Then take the pitiful case of Bobby Butterfinger. He had always longed to be a football hero, but had lacked the courage to mix with the other boys.

Bobby read an advertisement stating that Abe Polariskiki, all-American draw-back, owed his success to Nutty Grapes, the well-known breakfast food. Of course he did. The \$10,000 he was handed for his statement would make a success of anybody.

Young Bobby, however, knew nothing of the 10 thousand, so he religiously ate Nutty Grapes for a week, then donned his new uniform, and set forth to do or die for the dear old North Side Pole Cats, the neighborhood football team. After the scrimmage Bobby was carried home with three broken ribs, a warped collarbone, a black eye, numerous cuts and bruises, and a poor opinion of Nutty Grapes.

Suppose we take Life Net soap. You, too, may have B. S. (body smell). Now those advertisers are smart. They tell us that we can't tell ourselves if we have the dreaded malady, and that even our best friends won't tell us.

John Sucker reads the ad, pales a trifle, dashes to the drugstore, and (Continued on Page 2)

THE COUGAR



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Ovide Boulet, Mack Douglas, Florence Kendrick, Louise Heydrick, Tommie Cooksey, Harry Flavin.

Dopey Dan Says . . .

I reckon things have begun to pep up around our school—or at least the papers say so. But the funny part is that you can't always believe what you read in the papers, because the only time a reporter is on the level is when he is dead.

The papers say we staged a "riot"—I don't know because I was just on the bottom of a medley of arms, legs, and other parts of the human anatomy. But I betcha the reporter that wrote that story wasn't even no where near when it happened. He was probably over at the old folks home watchin' a game of bridge; and when he got back to his office he wrote "War Declared by Old Folks: Thousands Hurt" and I betcha he did. Please don't get me wrong, I'm not incinerating that a reporter would exaggerate, but doggone it, we all know that by hitting a few keys on the typewriter, anything can possibly "happen".

As for the "riot" itself—it was just one of those affairs where everybody has a rang-tang, tootin', good time. You know, something like the other nite when we had them old time fiddlers. It wasn't one of those pink-tea affairs where everybody throws something soft, like cream puffs. In fact, it was a very unmissified get-together. But when some newspaperman, who is good at slinging the cow's husband, writes it up so sad that even Al Jolson killing little Sonny Boy or his Mother would seem kinda funny, then it's time for comment.

Us frosh and slimes are really sorry if we caused the school any undue trouble. We all love Junior College and would die for her, but the only trouble is that J. C. doesn't need students to die for her—she needs them to keep alive and help her grow. In the first place what we staged was not a "riot". We staged a rush. There is nothing like a good, old-fashioned rush to keep a man in good physical health. Rushes, when taken with due care and consideration, will tone up the system, add to your general health, and make hair grow on your chest. So if anyone thinks our deportment is bad just because we engaged ourselves in that little tussle—they are wrong.

Let's get back to what the paper says: First, it said the glass was broken out of three windows. Everyone connected with the H. J. C. knows that there is no more truth in what a politician says. And there ain't none. However, there were two doors torn off their hinges. Now, these stately old doors have not known strength since they have known splendor. In other words they were just "resting"

on their hinges. Some hard-thinking and provident freshman started slamming the doors while his classmates were trying to lower the colors of the upperclassmen. With much malice and forethought he slammed and slammed till the doors dropped off. What he did was a classic performance. As for raiding his fellow classmen, he might just as well have run around the block hollerin "Oowah", or butted his head against the sidewalk. Anyway he didn't have nerve enough to get in the melee, but he wanted to do some damage—and he did. Shame on you freshman, whoever you are.

The frosh might have gained entrance even at that, but they are not any good till they get warmed up—and when they get warmed up, they are all pooped out. Fearlessness combined with recklessness made the slimes shout, "Come on, gang. We can get in. They are wide open." The sops were wide open—just like a buzz saw. One frosh ducked not soon enough nad got a little halo around his eye. I don't remember whether "Suitcase" Aitken was in that mass of students that were entangled like a carload of pretzels or not. But he probably wasn't, because anybody with feet the size of Aitken's would be too hard to push over.

Readin' poetry might have had something to do with this little happening. You know, the two classes were probably inspired by some ancient war god. Like in the old Norse mythology he was called Loki, or the spirit of Sock-Em-On-The-Chin. In Greece he was called Parnassus among other things. In Junior College he is called Sock-Sometody-And-Hope-It-Will-Be-A-Prof. Anyway the whole thing would have been more effective if the frosh had been dressed in leopard skins to look like satyrs, and a brass band had been on hand to play inspiring music.

The whole thing was done in the spirit of fun, and there is no hard feelings. But those engaged protest when it is called a "riot". We prefer the term "rush". This choice is because "rush" is a gracious, solemn, and graceful ceremony, while "riot" is a rude acrobatic term.

MEN'S FACULTY

(Continued from Page 1)
with Messrs. Harris and French as his assistants.

The object of the club is to find out ways of improving college teaching, and what subject matter should be taught.

The club meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the Bluebell for luncheon.

A program follows.

GUTTER GOSSIP

Kitty Hurlock should have realized that her attempt to bring out the fad of using "blue lipstick" would never be a big success. The males have something to say about that. Red lipstick is hard enough for a boy to wipe from his lips, but BLUE! Why, don't they use spotted lipstick and then every time a boy was kissed on the cheek (do they kiss on the cheek any more) it would look like he had the chicken pox.

We're amused at the "jungle party" two Sundays ago? Donald "Suitcase" Aitken, soph president, has exceptionally large feet, size 12 to be exact, so he was appointed to stomp the paths down to the bayou. Oh boy! You should have seen some of those paths. One path was at least two feet wide.

Don't you sops miss Jean Weatherall, Lee Stone, "Windy" Smith, Marion Adams and Harry Matthews. They are all making good at the colleges they are attending.

John Hill, "Doggie" to you, tells us of a ranch where he spent part of his summer. It's called Buck's and here is what it's like. Clear cold stream of fresh water for swimming. Large mountain in the distance. Good horseback riding. Excellent hunting. Fine fishing. Good-looking waitress at the ranch. All one can eat. Good crowd goes there. Guess some of the J. C. lads will have to look into this. Sounds like heaven to us.

We firmly believe that Adolph Marks has a secret passion for Ruth Depperman, school beauty. Adolph has taken Ruth to several shows and soon will strut with her out to the night clubs. Oh, guurrls, don't you just know that Adolph shakes a wicked hoof and looks divine in a tux. Yoo hoo, "Ady".

And now for the grand finale. We have asked five popular students in school how they voted yesterday and here are the answers:

Harold Renfro: "I voted for Roosevelt 'cause he is a prohibitionist, believes in the 15-hour-a-day working schedule and believes in the reduction of wages for the poor and increase of the wages of the rich."

Vernon Scott: "Andy Gump was my choice for the presidency because he wears a no mans' collar and is kin to the rich Uncle Bin."

Nelda Smith: "I voted for Ma Ferguson because I did not like the way Sterling handled the Word War situation."

Mary B. Anderson: "Will Rogers got my vote for president as he will probably stage a big rodeo on the White House lawn and I will get a chance to slow off my horse." (For the benefit of the unlearned, M. B. is a personal friend of Will Rogers, having been introduced by Hamp Robinson at a recent dance.)

Fairfax Moody: "I cast my vote for Clark Gable because he has such beautiful ionials."

Editor's Note: Thank the Lord this column is ended.

DRAMATIC CLUB

(Continued from Page 1)
women and concided; well possibly the last part any way.

Christine Flanagan a blushing bride and so sweet she could kiss herself. We'll do our own kissing, if you please.

Evelyn Cochran getting her man without a shotgun.

Frances Bates with a very innocent daughter of 16.

Alexander Gardener trying to be more like George Adams LeFevre than the original.

Bob Stallings a crook. Our suspicions are now confirmed.

Lou Johnson mahogany colored and officious yes officious.

Israel Robinson dignified, dumb, and helpless; the second is a fact.

Arielle Kitridge, Innocent, in love for the first time, sweet sixteen and never been kissed (up our sleeve), Hal Hal!

Dorothy Golden an extortionist—No, we know how she got that big fur coat.

Minnie Topek an old maid school teacher. We have also heard of Minnie the Mocher.

Nardell Mills a maid and flirting with anything that wears pants.

Bill Stanford a maid hustler.

WORLD HIKER HAS NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR SEVERAL YEARS

By Hope McCutcheon

Around the world in six years—that's the record Jack Lavich is out to make, and from all indications he's well on the way, for he has just four more years to go.

Mr. Lavich, a native of Russia and a naturalized American, paid the Houston Junior College a visit Monday to study the attitude of the students. He's been on his hike for two years and intends to be back in New York about 1936.

"I've already been half-way around the world," he explained, "and have visited Russia, the Baltic States, Germany, and Poland.

"The next lap of my journey will include Mexico, Central America, and some parts of Asia and Africa."

Mr. Lavich is a social research worker and is making this around-the-world hike to study the attitudes of the different countries.

In comparing the attitudes of the various countries, Mr. Lavich said that out of every five automobiles on the highways in Germany he was asked if he wanted a ride.

In America, out of every 400 automobiles that pass him on the highways, he is asked by the driver if he wants a ride. "This might seem like a reflection on the American," he said, "but sometimes traveling on the German highways not five cars are seen during the entire day."

When asked about some of his experiences while hiking, Mr. Lavich said that during the entire two years that he has been on this tour he hasn't slept in a bed.

"I probably wouldn't know what a bed is," he laughed. "I haven't slept in one since I started hiking. I usually sleep in barns or under the trees at night."

"One of my most thrilling experiences, however, was the trip from St. Louis to New Orleans. I traveled 47 days down the Mississippi River in a row boat from St. Louis to New Orleans."

"From New Orleans I hiked to Beaumont and then to Houston," he said. "After I leave Houston I'm hiking to San Antonio and from there to Mexico."

Mr. Lavich has made a study of the Russian five-year plan and declared that in that country it is a complete success, but he believes that other countries think it a failure.

"The power that the Communists have over the people in Russia is disgusting," he said, "unless a man is a member of the Communist party he has no chance of ever holding any sort of office."

"However, the way things stand now, Russians have more personal freedom than before the revolution, but they work much harder."

"The young people are real democrats and their ideals and attitudes will be the salvation of the country."

According to Mr. Lavich, Roosevelt will be our next president, if the reports he has heard are interpreted correctly.

"Everyone believes that this country needs a change in government and many Republicans plan to vote for the Democratic nominee," he said.

Mr. Lavich came to New York from Russia when he was eight years old with his parents. He has attended Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. While in Houston he spoke to several groups of students at the Sam Houston High School and members of the Y. M. C. A.

WHY ADVERTISE

(Continued from Page 1)

buys a dozen bars of Life Net soap. John has been taking two baths a day, and has a reputation of being the neatest man in his community, but he now takes five baths daily, scrubbing thoroughly each time with Life Net soap.

The soap manufacturing company, by a special process, make their soap deodorizing, but forget to deodorize the soap. John now smells like a mixture of cresote and horse-hoof glue, but he feels perfectly secure. He is now using Life Net soap.

EXCHANGE EXCERPTS

By Kitty Hurlock

Papers were received in exchange during the past week from many sections of the United States. Probably the most distant was received from St. Benedict, Oregon. The Pacific Star is the name of their interesting paper. It is a six-column paper, and the first school paper we have ever seen that has an editorial policy. There was an interesting feature story on the college as it was 50 years ago.

—H. J. C.—

Pat Foley: I was hit by an automobile last week and knocked senseless. Johnny Nicholson: When do you expect to get better?

—H. J. C.—

Hamp Robinson: What Mormon has eighty wives?

"Woody": Bring 'em Young.

—H. J. C.—

A dear old lady seeing a little boy playing in a mud puddle hastens to reprove him. "My dear child," she exclaimed, "get out of that puddle at once."

"Go find a puddle for yourself," retorted the indignant rascal, "I saw this one first."

—H. J. C.—

From Memphis, Tenn., comes the Humes High Herald. It is an attractive journal printed on slick paper. There seems to be a vogue there to see who can grow the longest fingernails.

—H. J. C.—

When the roll is called up yonder, we wonder who will be the first to skip.

—H. J. C.—

Sunny California sends us the Muhsette from the city of Marysville. The school recently took a straw vote on the presidential election. The results were not tabulated in time to get into their last issue, but the pre-election interest was keen. Their paper contains no jokes, but it has several well-written columns. An attractive sport page occupies page four.

—H. J. C.—

LeRoy Melcher: Loan me a nickel to go see the sea serpent.

Richard MacFee: Such wastefulness; here is a magnifying glass. Go look at an earthworm.

—H. J. C.—

The only daily high school newspaper in the world is published by the Shortridge High School of Indianapolis, Ind. They claim to be not only the only school to put out a daily, but also the first school to attempt the task.

—H. J. C.—

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

—H. J. C.—

The Pilot from Port Arthur, Texas, issues a six-column paper with two of the six pages being devoted to sports. Alumni news is particularly featured. The girl pep squad, the "Red Hussars," have been furnished with new uniforms for the ensuing year.

—H. J. C.—

Jessie Darling: You should have seen Wilma run the quarter mile.

Mac Douglas: What did she run it in?
J. Darling: I forget what you call the darn things.

—H. J. C.—

H. E. Blalock says some of the greatest discoveries have been made by accident. For example he says he discovered that by keeping a bottle of ink handy he can use his fountain pen just like any other pen without going to the trouble to fill it.

—H. J. C.—

The Alcee Fortier High School of New Orleans sends us a copy of their eight-page, slick-paper publication. A feature on Huey Long's son merits the attention of the readers of this paper. The Kingfish's son favors crumbling in preference to his father's choice of dunking cornbread in pot-liquor.

Student government seems to be in evidence, for a heated presidential campaign is in full progress. The No-Home-Work party is the favorite in the coming election, however the Communist party is considered as a possible dark horse as they plan to denounce all faculty rule if elected.

GIRL OUTDOOR CLUB SPONSORS OLD TIME BARN DANCE IN GYM

Junior College's student body turned out en masse to the Halloween dance of the Outdoor Girls' Club. The affair was a masquerade party although many who came did not wear costumes or masks.

Shortly after 9:30 the gym began to fill with students and their friends who had come to celebrate, with little thought that they were at a religious celebration, and that the masks that they wore were an outgrowth of the mummy plays that they used to have in England in the period between Chaucer and Shakespeare.

Costumes of all countries and all eras were worn by the dancers. The costumes made the group look like an international convention of folk-lorists who had refused to give up the traditions of their respective countries. The grand march was started after there had been some attempted square dancing. It was led by Allen Marshall, the spilling master of ceremonies, and Evelyn Cochran, one of those pajama clad twins.

The costumes were judged by the members of the faculty who had been appointed by the members of the club. The prize winners were Nora Louise Calhoun and Elmer Hamilton. Nora was dressed in a suit of men's underwear of the style in vogue about 1890 and over that she had a very old, glass-beaded dress. She wore heavy cotton stockings and some overshoes. The prize was a paper skeleton which was later presented to Mr. Hooker by Elmer Hamilton who seemed to have some idea of humor but could not put it over even enough to convince himself that it was humor.

Elmer Hamilton received the prize for the most unique boys' costume. He was dressed in whatever he had found when he cleaned out his closet. He had found a pair of spats (those he wore at the freshman dance last year), an old pair of shorts, a very loud and multi-colored pajama jacket of Chinese and Russian design, last year's freshman tie and a black tam with a feather stuck in it. A mask with bells on it completed this cockeyed costume. Hamilton claimed that he was the League of Nations. He said, "The spats are English, the jacket is Chinese, the green tie is Irish and the tam is either Scotch or French, depending on the slant that I wear it."

Music was furnished by the Old Timers, but it was at least an excuse and that was all that was needed for every one to have a perfectly g-r-a-n-d time. The girls sold popcorn and soda water. Two blackfaces wearing pajamas bought some of the fluff stuff and couldn't get it through the small mouth openings of their masks. Someone remarked, displaying their usual intelligence, "Oh! doesn't that popcorn stand look pretty?"

"After all, when the old fashioned girl said that, she was only gold digging," remarked Donald Aitken.

Jezzy was another barker but couldn't find the right tree to bark up. And so on through the crowd, every one had a laugh that will probably continue for the next year anyway.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

- Mr. French without his spats?
- How old Leeds Bayless is?
- Mr. Birney taking an assignment after the "dead line"?
- Jimmy Coulson with black hair?
- Mack Douglas not snooping into your "personals"?
- Paul N. acting like a saint?
- The nerve of the Prof who gives a test after a full moon rite?
- H. A. Willrich rushing the ladies?
- Helen Tomlin unshadowed by her B. F. Tom Barker?
- Jesse Darling being anything else?
- Where Ruth Sparks got the name "Spark Plug"?
- An operation taking place in the conservatory? Ask Jack Blackburn and Buck Rogers.

PHONEY LETTERS

Dear Dad:

You asked in your last letter what I was doing in school. Well, I guess neck and neck just about describes the actions of any college student.

Hoping we all develop giraff-like, I am,
Your son,
HAROLD RENFRO.

Paul Nordling:

In reply to your note as to when beef was the highest, the answer is when the cow jumped over the moon.

Economically yours,
PROF. S. W. HENDERSON.

Blanche Dekel, Chem. Student:

In reply to your question as to why the earth is heavier in the winter than it is in the summer—the only answer I can give is that in the winter time everybody has an overcoat.

Scientifically,
SAMUEL L. BISHKIN.

To The Cougar:

Please publish this. Several psychology students have expressed a desire to know what the shape of their noses indicate. A sharp nose indicates curiosity. A flat nose indicates too much curiosity.

A. L. KERBOW,
Psychology Instructor.

To the H. J. C. Students:

After long and painful hours of research and study, we wish to announce the following statistics: Out of every 100 marriages, 50 per cent of the persons are women.

COUGAR BOARD OF STATISTICS.

Mack Douglas,

Editor "Burp":

Please enter my subscription for 11 copies of the Burp. Your paper is very useful in my business. Before a football game I let every man on the squad read a copy. If he is in a good humor—it will make him fighting mad. If he is already mad—it will make him madder. So that when the team takes the field they are in the right mood for destruction.

Yours for more Burps,
COACH A. W. FRENCH.

Dean Dupre, H. J. C.:

Just a note to inform you that I am stopping my daughter, Nelda, from attending your horrid school. You must have nothing but thieves enrolled—for I read in the last Cougar where some teacher had her face lifted.

For honest schools,
MRS. SMITH.

Handsome Hamp Robinson,
Houston Junior College:

After one of our representatives saw you at the Halloween dance, we have a proposition to make to you. As you should recall you won the prize for wearing the ugliest mask. When our agent found out that you didn't even have on a mask, he wired us of your possibilities. In short, we want you to pose for Halloween masks and funny faces. We feel that with your natural ability you should be able to "go over". That is, you should have no difficulty in being ugly. Some people are ugly, but you seem to abuse the privilege.

Also this job may lead to a better one, because anyone with your looks could easily get a job at haunting houses.

Yours for life-like masks,
BOO-HOO SCAREM MASK CO.

Field Hockey Will Be Added to Junior College List of Sport Events

Interest in field hockey has been expressed by so many students of H. J. C. that the Athletic Directors have been considering including it in the list of athletic activities of the college. If this fast and interesting game is put in the school, the college will be introducing a new sport into Houston. Hockey is a fast, cold weather sport which nearly all the older men have played in the field, as it was a popular game several years ago. Ice hockey has grown out of the field game. The sport will not be introduced into the college until near the holidays.

J. C. STUDENTS BLAZE TRAIL IN WOODS FOR JUNGLE PARTY

Journeying far out into the midst of the dark and gloomy jungles last Sunday night, two score J. C. students drove wild animals from their lairs, built a huge fire, and turned the dangerous jungle into a happy playground.

Of course the "jungle" was only the woods bordering the bayou off MacGregor Drive and the "wild animals" were sleeping turtles and harmless birds. But plenty of "eats" were put away and a good time was had by all.

Mary Lou Gaines did all the game suggesting and everything was played from football to "post office." George Gayle, Paul Sparks and Harold Renfro kept things hot by acting as chief "fire tenders." Donald "Suitcase" Aitken did the path making, and thanks to his oversized brogans, several forest fires were "stopped" out.

Naturally Bill Goggen had his Marjorie Cheek along and Hamp Robinson had his Mary B. "Woody" Anderson. Why these two couples remained "lost" throughout the larger part of the night will often be a big mystery.

Fairfax Moody took honors as the "All Sawskie" by keeping up a continual line of chatter from start to finish. Carnes Weaver, San Jac student, had his hands full keeping care of Alice Claire "Popeye" Luckel.

Some ferocious animal bit Janet "Shorty" Simpson, San Jac co-ed, on the head and for a while it was thought to be Bud Steeger. Later it was learned it was learned that he spent most of the night pulling himself out of the bayou, so Janet's "biter" must have been a "pink elephant." (Thanks to Guy Lombardo and his pink elephants.)

Fred Aebi ate twice as much as any one except his date, Wilma Lindsey, who forgot all about her diet program. Wilma ate at least two quarts of olives.

"When did you last coffee pot" and "truth or consequences" are two questions that came near spelling the doom for "Cisco" Kellogg and John Hill. Hill staged the affair and sang to keep everybody happy and sad.

After the "Bring Them Back Alive" part of the night was completed, the mob adjourned to the home of Mary Lou Gaines, where dancing kept up till early in the morning. Broken furniture, crushed ribs, smashed feet, empty heads, and gutter gossip were the chief casualties of the night. No fooling, it was one swell time and did we have a good time? "You're telling me."

Seeded Tennis Players Named for Approaching Junior College Tourney

Having watched Bud Steeger play tennis for several years, it looks like he is a good bet to add the H. J. C. boys' singles tournament to his list of trophies. Last year Steeger entered the tournament only to come out second place, losing to Wilbrey Karney, Humble Company singles ace. Steeger is a prominent figure in Houston's tennis world and takes part in all local tournaments. His game is that of a well rounded player. His backhand is as strong as his forehand and he is a dangerous man at the net, but slightly erratic is his service, which lacks consistency.

San Jacinto sends a star in Al Gardner, who has been playing regularly and has defeated many prominent tennis luminaries. Providing some dark horse does not show up, Gardner will play in the semi-finals, and it would not be surprising if he and Steeger battled for the title.

Of course there is the possibility of a dark horse coming up from the bottom and smashing his way to the championship. And this is probable with such aces as John Hill, Charles Walker, Willard Nesmith, F. V. Stough, and Nelson Hinton entered in the contest.

Hamp Starred
Hamp C. Robinson was a football player of reknown ability. Hamp made a name for himself, playing quarterback on the Richmond High team. Of course a femme ended up with the sweater, but what else can be expected of the "Gigolo"?

SHORTS AND SPATS BY ELMER HAMILTON

Prologue: There might possibly still be one or two readers of this journal who remember what an eye-opener really is, or rather was; surely this panic hasn't completely ruined everybody. It is for those few fortunate individuals that this explanation is written. (Youse other mugs needn't read this if you don't want to.) So, you lucky dog, in this case the eye-opener is not something to drink, but it is merely the title of something the cat wouldn't even drag home. It might be added that anything printed in this column can be regarded as true until proved otherwise. Also, the soph English students will be glad to know that they are NOT required to memorize any of this prologue.

Welton Lee Salm has been going here only a month or so, but he's already justified Mr. Kerbow's confidence in him. Just recently he "kept on talking until he said something."

Frances Nesmith finally found out what that "six foot, four" kid's name is. She asked him, and did he blush! Grady Murdock doesn't like to blow his own horn, but somebody has to solicit work for that hand laundry of his.

Jordan, the pride of Corsicana, still contends that the only reason the soph girls painted up the freshmen like they did was to cut down the competition.

Another freshman girl who'll bear watching is Ellen Stewart. She would not deliberately lie to a boy, but she won't talk to one either until she has her fingers crossed.

Ever since this writer reported an interesting window "display" at a downtown store, H. J. C. boys have made a point of walking down Texas Avenue when going from Main to Fannin or vice versa.

There might still be three or four students whom Ruth Depperman hasn't told about the perfect score she made on an Education test.

If you veteran inmates of this institution wonder why George Snider no longer SITS out in front of the building, it's because he "has to economize."

And Pat Foley didn't act like he even wanted to be president of the sophomore class.

That ends the lecture for today, but there's one more tip for you. Just remember, when buying your winter underwear, it's not the original cost; it's the upreep.

Junior College Students Extend Sympathies to Bereft J. C. Instructor

Dr. J. H. Ledlow, father of J. H. Ledlow, auditor and instructor of Business Administration at the Houston Junior College, died last Wednesday night at his home in Denton.

At the time of his death Dr. Ledlow was the head of the Education Department at the North Texas State Teachers' College at Denton, Texas.

The students and faculty of the Houston Junior College wish to take this opportunity in expressing their sympathy to Mr. Ledlow in his bereavement.

"Woody" Has Horse
Mary Brady Anderson or "Woody," as she is called by many, is contemplating on entering the next horse show to be staged in Houston. And we do not blame her; for she is the proud owner of a large dark bay stallion that is one of the finest riding horses in Houston. "Star," as her horse is called, is a five-gaited animal and is remarkably fast. At one time, its former owner, thought seriously of entering him in some of the races in the Northern states. M. B. keeps her horse at the Gulf Coast Riding Academy and invites her friends to come out and "give him the once over." Riding over the Hermann Park Bridge Path constitutes the main part of Mary B.'s exercise and this ride is made every morning.

INTRODUCING . . .

Loretta Eslinger—Ambition is to be a deep sea diver. Favorite show is the Ritz . . . hobby is riding the Shetland ponies out on Main street. Thinks that Donald Aitken is by far the most handsome boy in H. J. C.

Elmer Hamilton—Ambition is to be able to get the left door open on his speedy Whippet without the top falling in. Favorite pastime, believe it or not, is learning to dance, and his hobby is wearing spats. Miss Ebaugh is Elmer's ideal prof, because she does not have to tell jokes to be humorous.

Marian Robinson—Says that her ambition is to drive a taxi. For a hobby she has chosen Warren Lemmon; consequently her favorite pastime is riding in an Essex. Has no partiality in regard to her professors. Her favorite movie actor is Charley Chase.

Bill Stanford—His ambition is to be a policeman. His hobby is to stay in various jails, so he can get all of the information available in regard to his profession. States that his favorite prof is Mr. Miner on account of his lectures being so interesting.

N. C. Jensen—Says that he has no ambition whatsoever. His hobby happens to be blondes and brunettes, and eating is his favorite indoor sport. When asked who his favorite prof was he sort of grimaced and said "Mr. Birney, because I don't take anything from him."

Christine Flanagan—The height of Christine's ambition is to become a peanut venders. Next to writing chain letters her hobby is riding on merry-go-rounds. For pastime, watches the people pass on Main street. Her favorite prof has always been Miss Ebaugh, because she attended Oxford.

SNOOPING AROUND WITH RUTHIE

It has just been since school has started in full swing that we have been able to find all of the new students and even some of the old standbys. . . . Girls, have you all met Billy Gandy (no relation to Mahatma)? He's the black-haired, blue-eyed lad from Louisiana. We're mighty glad to have you with us, Billy. . . . Seems like old times again seeing Fred Aebi bring Wilma Lindsay to school. . . . Another very attractive new student is Charlotte Steele. . . . Nelda Smith and H. V. Baker seem to be hitting it off pretty steady. . . . It is impossible to get through the front entrance without being stopped by Harold Renfro trying to sell tickets for the Play-Boys dance. . . . We've been watching Sis O'Neil, too—and believe you me, she is plenty cute. . . . Pat Foley is back with us again this year —don't be frightened, freshmen—he really isn't as vicious as he sounds. . . . We hear that Alice Clare Luckel is going in for math in a big way—she says she really enjoys it. . . . Billy Fitzgerald is a freshman you should all know—he's a mighty good kid. . . . I ask you was Donald Aitken's face red when he was told that he resembled a taxi going down the street with the two back doors open? Don't take it to heart, Donald, we think you have cute little ears. . . . Glad, indeed, we are to find —Marian Robinson and Warren Lemmon still hitting off as smoothly as ever. . . . Two very attractive sophomores are the inseparable Gains and Kellogg. . . . We find it hard this year not to be able to associate O. D. Brown's name with Nora Louise Calhoun's. . . . Lucille Black is who we term a likeable gal.

(Continued from Page 1)
places they visited during the summer vacation. Mrs. Kenneth Oberholzer of El Campo was a guest at the meeting. The club officers are as follows: Honorary chairman, Mrs. E. E. Oberholzer; chairman, Mrs. W. H. Miner; vice-chairman, Miss Sue Thomason; and secretary, Mrs. L. T. Hooker. A Thanksgiving motif will be carried out at the next meeting which will be held at the home of Mrs. Miner.

EUROPEAN TRAVELS

OUR SPORTING WORLD

Melcher Would

When Leroy Melcher was a small lad, he read many advertisements in the paper concerning alcohol rub-downs. Melcher believed that by rubbing his muscles with alcohol they would expand and get stronger. So he bought a large bottle, and now spends the entire day rubbing the fluid over his body. And the big laugh is that Melcher claims that he gained abnormal strength overnight.

Golf Is Popular

This golf tournament has all the earmarks of a first class affair. Bud Steeger has quite a number of names on the entry list and if only half this crowd plays it will make a fine tournament. The added name of E. V. Stough should be a note of interest. This Stough lad is quite accomplished in athletics. He is one of the leading sailors at the Houston Yacht Club and handles a boat like a veteran. His swimming is not short of sensational, while his diving is a smooth exhibition of grace and ease. Stough has entered in the tennis tournament and we prophesy that his name will be in the upper bracket when everything is over.

Smart Guy

On Ed Boyles' first day in physical education Coach French asked him if he took a shower bath? Ed turned around to the coach with a look of surprise on his face and asked, "No, why is there one missing?"

Girls Should Know

This writer plans on asking 10 popular girls in the school 10 simple questions about football, and will publish it in next issue of "Our Sporting World". This should prove interesting to see if the girls understand what it's all about at a football game. Watch for that story. The answers ought to be good for many laughs.

Some Player

Vernon Scott has his eye on the golf tournament. "Scotty" is quite adept with the clubs as well as the saxophone. When members of the orchestras that played at the Rice Roof this summer were hunting for a little competition on the links, Vernon gave them all the competition they could ask for and a little extra.

Sailor Boy

H. V. Baker is another sailor hailing from the Houston Yacht Club. Baker figured prominently in the races held at the club throughout the summer.

Tennis Tourney

Picking a winner in the girls' tennis tournament appears to be a toss-up. The entry list is large and many of the femmes are accomplished players. Who will win is just a guessing matter. It's a good bet that some unknown will carry off high honors.

Buse Makes Good

We are all thrilled to learn that Charles Buse, last year graduate of H. J. C., is now recognized as one of the leading prospects of the University of Texas' tennis team.

Charles' ability at tennis has developed so rapidly that he has aroused much interest and curiosity, and many who have seen him express the opinion that he is a genius. Those who are familiar with the tennis talent at Austin can easily imagine what Charles is making a showing against.

Buses' style of play closely resembles that of Vines, for his drives are deep and fast. When pressed for points, he follows fast flat serves to the net for smashes. His volleying is exceptionally accurate in finding corners.

When questioned, Charles explained that his recent success in defeating ranking players of the university is due to serious application and determination.

Buse is an active all around sportsman. Though he does not play football, he attends all the big games. Besides this, he is an accomplished dancer. Ask any attractive girl to explain why his nickname is "Gigolo Buse." By the way, many wonder if Charles is responsible for the enlarged enrollment of girls at "Texas" this year. So you see he has other hobbies.

Boost Swimming

Swimming is not getting the proper response that it should. With a fine pool at their disposal, the classes are neglecting to take advantage of this opportunity. The winters in Houston are mild and short and before soon another J. C. tank team will be organized. Two capable instructors are there to help in any way possible. Take a plunge now and then, it's free, and swimming is one of the most healthy, muscle building sports there is.

Former H. J. C. Students Gaining Recognition at Various Senior Schools

Harry Matthews, former J. C. star athlete, is on the rampage up at Southwestern College where he is now attending school. The football mentor tells us that "Dog" has played in every game and has figured vitally in his team's victories. But on the side "Dog" is seriously turning in some fine grades, especially in German. He hopes to conquer this language in short order so he will be able to open an old fashioned German beer palace as soon as prohibition is a thing of the past. You cannot be a "big shot" in Georgetown unless you are a "frat" man, so "Dog" has hooked up with the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity and is a charter member.

Charles Buse is another former "cell-mate" who is making good at sports away from Houston. Buse is attending Texas University and has entered the tennis world with much interest. Buse plays with some of the ranking stars at Texas and his game has been improving nicely. Under the fine tutelage of the university tennis coach, Buse is rapidly bringing his game up to championship caliber, and who knows but what he may be "one of them things" in Texas University sport circles?

Jas. Coulson: I wish I could dance like this forever.

Lillian Schwartz: Don't you want to improve?

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HUMOR

Mother: You let that man kiss you in the drawing room!

Virginia Cotten: Well, hang it, matter, you must be considerate; the hall is so cold.

The Preacher: I shall speak on "Married Life" at the morning service, and "Eternal Punishment" in the evening.

Henpecked (in a whisper): Sheer repetition.

If all the college boys who sleep in class were placed end to end they would be much more comfortable.

Proud Parent: How do I know that you are not marrying my daughter for my money?

Elmer Hamilton: We are both taking a risk. How do I know you won't fail in a year or so.

Malcolm P. (calling on a chemist friend): How is that last case of stuff I left to be analyzed?

Chemist: Besht sthuff I ever analyzed—whoopee!

The list of prize winners at a recent picnic read: Mrs. Smith won the ladies' rolling pin contest by hurling a pin for 75 feet. Mr. Smith won the hundred yard dash.

Mistress (to new maid): We have breakfast generally about 8 o'clock.

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Henrietta: I'll say he does.

Actor: Look here, I object to going on right after the monkey act.

Manager: You're right; they may think it's an encore!

Harry Flavin: I live by my wits.

C. W. Skipper: You look hungry.

Salesman: This fire extinguisher will last forty years.

L. P. Marshall: I won't be here that long.

Salesman: You can take it with you.

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